

GORE GAZETTE

35¢ | YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE | No. 70

SPECIAL 4th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

With this issue, the Gore Gazette has reached the grand old age of 4. An extreme longevity for a poverty-row fanzine, this edition is dedicated to the handfull of hard-core fans who have stuck with the G.G. since its inception back in October of 1980 and supported us through periods both fat and lean. This includes our 2^{1/2} year tenancy at prestigious Rockefeller Plaza to our fall from grace (and near

arrest) and subsequent establishment at our present offices in seedy, crumbling Passaic, N.J. Coincidental with our birthday, the much-lamented gore draught has lifted over the month, providing us with a full stable of fresh sleaze product for our enjoyment. Without further delay, a sincere thanks to all gorehounds new and old for making our first four years both very successful and one whole hell of a lot of fun! Here's hoping for at least a decade more!

THE BEING—William Osco, sexploitation pioneer responsible for 1972's Flesh Gordon and 1976's Alice In Wonderland returns from a self-imposed



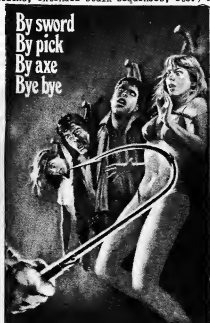
THE SKULL-CLEAVED CUTIE DEPICTED ABOVE IS JUST ONE OF THE MANY SLAUGHTERED VICTIMS LEFT IN THE WAKE OF THE MERCILESS HARLOTS KNOWN AS THE SHE-DEVILS ON WHEELS. THIS RARE HERSHELL GORDON LEWIS CLASSIC WILL HAVE ITS NY PREMIERE AT THE DIVE (257 W. 29th St.) ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1 WHEN LEWIS HIMSELF WILL HOST THE GALA GORE GAZETTE 4th ANNIVERSARY PARTY. SEE YOU THERE !!!

exile of nearly a decade with his first foray into the horror market. Originally saddled with the uninspired title of Easter Sunday during production, The Being spins the all-too-familiar tale of a flesh-hungry creature spawned by toxic wastes who roams a small town in search of human prey. Obviously Osco himself was unsure about this switch from naked flesh to raw sinew since he only grabs a well-buried producer's credit on the flick and acts in the lead role under the pseudonym Rexx Coltrane while letting his wife Jackie Kong take the blame for The Being's screenwriting and direction. Quite plodding and tedious, this 82 minute low budgeter belies its brief running time by dragging out numerous shadowy monster attacks, showing nothing of the creature but green slime and implied off-screen carnage until the final reel where The Being then reveals itself to be nothing more than a poor man's Alien clone. The film reads like a Who's Who of has-been actors with Jose Ferrer, Dorothy Malone, Ruth Buzzi, Marianne Rodgers (Mrs. Kenny Rodgers) and Martin Landau all looking embarrassed as they scramble for some quick cocaine money on a few day's shooting work. Gorehounds will be disappointed, as aside from a great opening beheading sequence and Martin Landau getting gorily torn limb from limb at the flick's finale, The Being offers no consistent bloodletting and emerges as nothing more than a pale imitation of Slithis, a "radiation monster on the loose" epic that covered the same ground much better 8 years ago...

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO Charles Bronson has always been revered by sleazemongers who can count on him to consistently deliver in any exploitation vehicle. Yet surley no one ever expected to see him in a sordid little filmed-in-Mexico low-budgeter like this whose overt sadism smacks strongly of a Jess Franco epic. A Nazi-esque torturer known only as "the Doctor" is employed by a totalitarian government to deal with peasant freedom fighters. His methods include shock treatments, beatings, rape, humiliation, excrement feeding and testicle torture. A member of the oppressed band calls up on ex-hit man Bronson to come out of retirement and rub out the slaughterer. Charlie reluctantly agrees and Evil fills its terse 90 minutes with some of the sickest killings and maimings depicted in a major Hollywood release to date. Gorehounds will howl with glee as director J. Lee Thompson (Happy Birthday To Me) offers up such delights as a man getting his gonads fried off, Bronson piercing a body guard's jugular and the mad doctor himself getting his head chopped to pulp by a group of pick-axe wielding wetbacks to name but a few. The Evil That Men Do is definitely not just another Bronson formula actioner and should be counted as a must-see for fans of truly depraved cinema.

Thanks to Steve Fiorilla for the new G.G. logo.

NIGHT SHADOWS- Formerly slated for NY release last March under the title of Mutant, California distributor Film Ventures, Inc. has reverted back to their original shooting title for this long-winded tale of toxic zombies on the loose in a rural Georgia town. Hopelessly miscast as a back-packing teenager, Wings Hauser (the psychotic pimp from Vice Squad) spends the lion's share of Night's overlong 95 minutes trying to figure out why locals are dropping like flies and a strange yellow pus is oozing through the ground. It's not until nearly the last reel that we discover a chemical factory has been dumping its wastes in the town, turning all those who come in contact with the sludge into hilariously fake-looking, white-faced, black-eyed zombies whose skin split and drip the same yellow mucus. Director John "Bud" Cardos (The Dark, Kingdom Of The Spiders) is largely to blame for this mess, packing the film with every time-worn horror cliché imaginable (ie., off-screen murders, air-bladder transformations, extended stalk sequences, etc.) mak-



THE MUTILATOR

WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
BUDDY COOPER

NIFTY AD SLICK FOR THE MUTILATOR (FORMERLY KNOWN AS FALL BREAK), WILDMAN BUDDY COOPER'S SICK NEW GOREFEST WHICH IS NOW SLATED FOR A JANUARY NY RELEASE



JOLLY OLD SANTA DEALS WITH A BITCHY OLD NUN WHILE PAROCHIAL STUDENTS NOD THEIR APPROVAL IN THIS SCENE FROM SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT, A HEART-WARMING YULETIDE TALE FROM TRI-STAR PICTURES WHICH OPENS IN THE NY METRO AREA ON NOVEMBER 2.

NIGHT SHADOWS (cont.)

ing Night Shadows a goreless, sexless, scareless bore that could air on free T.V. with virtually no cuts. Could the wily guys at Film Ventures have rated it R themselves in hopes of suckering in we horror enthusiasts?

SAVAGE STREETS- Linda Blair, whose high-class Hollywood actress image has become increasingly tarnished through the years with appearances in such exploitation epics as Hell Night and Chained Heat reaches a new low with Savage Streets, a great female Deathwish-inspired revenge classic which opened to the NY area this month. The first in-house production from NPM Releasing (primarily known for their retitled Italian zombie horror imports), Savage depicts Linda as the leader of a female gang of sluts-with-hearts-of-gold. They have a good time drinking, smoking and discussing male genitalia as they walk along Hollywood Boulevard until they run afoul of a group of drug-dealing punks headed up by a psycho named Jake. These thugs eventually end up brutally raping and beating Blair's deaf-mute younger sister, as well as tossing her best friend off a bridge the day before her wedding, thus forcing the portly Linda to take up the Charles Bronson mantle and single-handedly exact revenge. Comparisons to films like Ms. 45 and Alley Cat are inevitable, but Savage overcomes its trite, predictable plot through the use of great amounts of nudity, some of the lowest language ever committed to film and the casting of newcomer Robert Dryer as the sadistic male gang leader. When he utters such classic lines to Blair as "I'm going to cut your cunt into little pieces" and "I'll tear your heart out and eat it!" while flashing a twisted maniacal leer, one wonders whether this sicko is really acting. Suffice to say, Dryer steals the show, with urban audiences cheering him on every time he confronts the overbearing, scenery-chewing Blair. Savage Streets was forced to trim some of its

SAVAGE STREETS (cont.)

excessive violence under the threat of an X rating, but there is still enough gore and swamy activity intact to keep the film in the front running for exploitation epic of the year!

NINJA III: THE DOMINATION- Although the G.G. usually shies away from the martial arts genre, this absurd hybrid of kung-fu films, The Exorcist and Flashdance was just too wild to ignore. Lucinda Dickey, last seen as the hip-hop star of Breakin', is cast as a telephone linewoman-by-day/flashdancer-by-night who becomes possessed by the spirit of an evil Ninja warrior that was gunned down by police officers after assassinating a top American scientist. This spectacle forces her to don Ninja attire at night and slay the people responsible for his death. What makes Ninja III so ludicrous is that when this possession takes place, Dickey's skin turns a pallid white and her eyes get slanty, giving the flick a perverse twinge of racism. Goreounds will certainly dig the ample amount of bloodletting, and Ninja III's non-stop action (particularly its opening sequence) make comparable adventure epics like Indiana Jones look like an Ingmar Bergman film. For those who avoid karate films, Ninja III: The Domination may inspire desperate trash fiends to check out a few more.

SHOCKING CANNIBALS- Hoping to cash in on the success of Savage Man, Savage Beast, Faces Of Death, Shocking Asia and other mondo-style shockumentaries that scored profitable runs on 42nd St., scurrilous NY distributor Ivory Lee Harris has taken an old Italian film and retitled it Shocking Cannibals thinking that this new monicker would collar the Make Them Die Slowly crowd of entrail-gobbling enthusiasts. Unfortunately, there is not a cannibal seen anywhere in this grainy 99 minute turd whose sole highlights are shots of an African tribe who get their kicks sticking their faces up the butts of defecating cows and some Asian psycho surgery on eyeballs and intestines that was shown much better back in 1979's Journey Into The Beyond. Aside from that, Shocking offers up the same style reprehensible film clips of real-life animal slaughter and mutilation as the prior films, with some well-bred British narrator attempting to legitimize this trash via a prosaic sociological oratory. Grisly fast-buck hustles of this ilk border on the offensive even by G.G. standards and one would hope that the poor box office reception accorded Shocking Cannibals will put an end to the release of this crap very soon!

ANGEL OF H.E.A.T.- Not too much is known about this seemingly lavishly-produced 1982 sex/action/comedy tale featuring porn star Marilyn Chambers as Angel Harmony, a karate duelling secret agent for a group known as the Protectors who seek to save the world from a mysterious electronics conglomerate. Also on hand is cult favorite Mary Woronov as a bi-sexual agent for a rival intelligence group. Nudity abounds in Angel, with enough explicit language and full-frontal shots to push the film into the realm of ultra soft-core X, yet the moronic level of comedy that permeates throughout would be best suited for pre-teen mentality. This flick was never released theatrically until now, instead being sold directly to the cable TV and video-cassette market which would smack of a tax shelter manoeuvre. Aquarius Releasing, NY's own favorite scavengers, have picked up Angel Of H.E.A.T. for a belated break, but ancilliary saturation may have already been too great to spark any box office interest. Recommended for Marilyn Chambers completists only.

CRIMES OF PASSION- As we go to press, there is not much room to elaborate on this erotic little gem from schizophrenic lobster director Ken Russell (The Devils, Listomania, etc.) but horny gorehounds will drool over this sordid tale featuring Kathleen Turner as a businesswoman who moonlights as a hooker by night and is pursued by Anthony Perkins who plays an obsessed priest armed with a razor-sharp dildo and is intent on doing some serious beaver skinning. Major MPAA cuts for an R rating leave Crimes Of Passion a bit disjointed, but it still emerges a stylish study in sexual obsession and perversion that will make your hands sweat. Catch it!

FOR SALE: Original one-sheet posters from the following films: DAWN OF THE DEAD, CRIMES OF PASSION, TERROR IN THE AISLES, TIGHTROPE, ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD AND THE DEADLY SPAWN. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$8 each (plus \$1 postage). Send checks or money orders to the Gore Gazette c/o Sullivan, 73 North Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042. Supplies are very limited, so place your order today!

RARE VIDEOS: Good quality copies of Herschell Gordon Lewis' SHE-DEVILS ON WHEELS and THE WIZARD OF GORE, also ATTACK OF THE SOFT WOMAN, Bava's HATCHET FOR THE HONEYMOON and the super 2 hour BEST OF GORE GAZETTE VIOLENCE. TAPES ARE AVAILABLE IN VHS ONLY!! Send \$19.95 per title (plus \$2.00 for 1st class postage) to the Gore Gazette c/o Sullivan, 73 North Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042. Include any wants with your orders.